

## The temple of glas.

f Oz thought constreynyt & greuous heuynes  
For pensifhedyn andy high distres  
To bedyn I went now this other nyght  
Whan that lucina with hir pale light  
Was Ioynedyn last with plebus in aquarpe  
Ampdyn decembre, whan of Januarpe  
Ther be kalendres of the new yere  
Andy derk dyane hornedyn andy nothyngh cleere  
Hadh her beames vnder a mysty cloude  
With in my bedyn for coldyn I gan me shroude  
Al desolate for constraint of my woo  
The long nyght walowyng to andy fro  
Til at lasse er I began take kepe  
Me dyde oppresse a soddyn dedly slepe  
With in the whiche me thought I was  
Raupisschedyn in spiryte in to a temple of glas  
In nyste holl fer in Wildernes  
That foundedyn was as by likkynnes  
Not vpon stelle, but on a craggy roche  
Lyke yse y froze, andy as I didyn approche  
Agayn the sonne that shone so cleere

As ony Cristal andy euer wet andy wet  
As I am myght this grisly dredful place  
I wesp a stonpedy the light so in my face  
Be gan to smyte so persyng euer in one  
On every part wher that I gan gone  
That I ne myght no thing as I wold  
Aboute me consider andy beholde  
The wonder estres for brightnes of the somme  
Til atte last certayn spyes donme  
With wynde chacedy han her cours y went  
To fore the stremes of titan andy y blent  
So that I myghte with in andy with oute  
Wher so I wold beholde me aboute  
For to reporte the facon andy maner  
Of alle this place that was circuler  
In compas wypse, roundy by entayle brought  
Andy when I hady longe gone andy sought  
I foundy a wicket andy entredy in as fast  
In to the temple andy myn eyen cast  
On every syde nowe losse eft al ofte  
Anon raight anon as I gan walken softe  
Yf I the soth a raight reporte shal  
I sasse depeyndy upon a wal

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From after to wester many a faire yngage  
Of sondry louers lyke as they were of age  
I sette in ordre after they were tressde  
With lively colours wonder fresh of hue  
And as me thought I salbe som sitte & som stade  
And some knelyng with billes in their hande  
And some with compleynyt woful & pietous  
With doleful chere to putten to venus  
So as she sat fleetyngh in the see  
Upon her woo for to haue pitee  
And first of alle I saugh ther of cartage  
Did the quene so goodly of visage  
That gan compleynie her auenture and cas  
Hows she deveyued was of Eneas  
For al his bestis and his other sworn  
And said alas that euer she was born  
Whan she salbe that dede she must be  
And next I salbe the compleynyt of Medea  
Hows that she falleyd was of Jason  
And mygh by venus salbe I sitte attheon  
And al the maner how the boor hym slough  
For whom she wepte and had pyne yndough  
The salbe I also how that penelope

For she so longe her lordyn ne myghte see  
Was of colour bothe pale andy grene  
Andy aler next was the fresh quene  
I mene alcest the noble trewe wyp  
Andy for admete hou she lost her lif  
Andy for her trouth yf I shal not lye  
Hous she was torned in to a dayspe  
ther was Grisildes Innocence  
Andy al her mekenes andy pacience  
There was eke Isode & many other moo  
Andy al the torment andy the cruel woo  
That she had for tristram al her lyue  
Andy hous that Tisbe her hert dyde ryue  
With thilk swerdyn of sir Giramus  
Andy al the maner hou that Theseus  
The myntaure stold amydy the hous  
That was ferwrynkled by crafte of dedalus  
Whan he was in pryson shit in Crete  
Andy hous that philles felte of loues hete  
The grete fyre of demophon allas  
Andy for his fasshedyn andy for his trespass  
Upon the walles depeynit men myght see  
Hous she henge upon a fylberdy tree

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And many a story mo than I rekeve can  
Were in the temple, and holl that paris wan  
The fayr Eleyne a lusty fresh quene  
And hou Achilles was for policne  
I slayn unwarly withyn Trope town  
All this saue I walkyngh up and down  
The saue I wretayn eke the hole tale  
Holl philomene in to a nyghtyngale  
I wondred was, and paigne vnto a swalow  
And holl the sabyns in their maner halow  
The feste of successse yet in Rome town  
The saue I also the sowle of Palamon  
That he in prison felte and al the smert  
And holl that he thurgh vnto his hert  
Was hurt unwarly by castyngh of an eye  
On fair fresh the lusty yong Emelye  
And al the stryf bytweene hym & his brother  
And holl that one faught with that other  
Withyn the grove, til they by Theseus  
Accordeyd were as Chaucer tellet hys  
And furthermore as I gan beholde  
I saue hou phebus with an arowe of golde  
I wounded was thurgh out his syde

Only by enuye of the goddes Cuppyde  
And by holl that dwane unto a lauer tree  
Wher was whan that he dide fle  
And by holl that loue changede his doct  
Only for loue of the fair Except  
And by in to a hole whan he did he sue  
Liste of his goddes by his fourme to transmutacyn  
And by hou that he by transmutacion  
The shap gan take of Almphytrion  
For Alcumen a so passing was of beaute  
So was he hurt for al his deynt  
With louys dert and by might it not escape  
The salbe I also holl mars was take  
Of Sulcatus and by with venus founde  
And by with the cheynnes Inuyssible bounde  
The was also al the poesye  
Of hym Mercurye and by al the philologue  
And by holl that he for her sapience  
Whedderon was to the god of eloquence  
And by holl the Muses hollby did obreye  
High in to heuyn this lady to conueye  
And by with her songe hou she was magnefied  
With Jubiter thereto be stellefied

And<sup>r</sup> nō suppermore depeyn<sup>r</sup> men might see  
Hōl<sup>r</sup> with her ryng<sup>r</sup> the goodly canace  
Of every fōble, the leydon<sup>r</sup> and<sup>r</sup> songe  
Cōderd<sup>r</sup> understand as she walkēd them among  
And<sup>r</sup> hōl<sup>r</sup> hōl<sup>r</sup> her brother so often holpen was  
In his myschief, by the stede of bras  
And<sup>r</sup> furthermore in the temple were  
Ful many a thousand<sup>r</sup> louers here & there  
In sondry wypse redy to compleyn<sup>r</sup>  
Unto the goddesse, of her woo and<sup>r</sup> pyne  
Hōl<sup>r</sup> they were hyn dreyn<sup>r</sup> som for cruce  
And<sup>r</sup> hōl<sup>r</sup> the serpent of fāl<sup>r</sup> Jelousie  
Ful many a louer hath put a back<sup>r</sup>  
And<sup>r</sup> causelēs on them haue leid<sup>r</sup> a lack<sup>r</sup>  
And<sup>r</sup> some ther were that playned<sup>r</sup> on absence  
That were exiled<sup>r</sup> and<sup>r</sup> put out of present<sup>r</sup>  
Through wicked<sup>r</sup> tunges and<sup>r</sup> fāl<sup>r</sup> suspec<sup>r</sup>on  
Without mercy or ony remissiōn  
And<sup>r</sup> other eke her scrupse spent in syn<sup>r</sup>  
And<sup>r</sup> of her lady were not loued<sup>r</sup> agayn<sup>r</sup>  
And<sup>r</sup> other eke that for pouerte  
Dursten in no wypse her greate aduersite  
Discouerte ne opene left they were refusid<sup>r</sup>

And som for brantyngh also were accusyd  
And other che that loued secretly  
And of her lady durst axe no mercy  
Lest that she wold of hym haue desperte  
And som also that putten right grete wile  
On double louers that loue thinges ne wile  
Through whos falsenes hundred be the tressle  
And som there were as hit is ofte founde  
That for her lady many a bloody bounde  
Endured hath in many a regyon  
Whiles that an other hath had possession  
All of his lady and breth a way the fryst  
Of his labour and of alle his fyst  
And other compleyned of richesse  
Hoss he with tressour doth his besynesse  
To hymme agaynst al leynde and right  
Where as true louers haue force none ne might  
And som ther were as maydyns yong of age  
That pleyneth so with pippyngh & with rage  
That were coupled agayn al nature  
With crooked elde that may not long endure  
For to perfourme the lust of louers playe  
For hit ne fit not unto fresh maye

For to be coupleð to olde Jamuarpe  
They be so dyuerse that they must batye  
For elde is grauching and malenocionis  
þy ful of yre and suspiciois  
And yongth entendeth to Joye & lustynes  
To mirth and play and to al gladnes  
Allas that euer hit sholdy falle  
So swete fugre y coupleð be to galle  
These yonge folke ayeden oft falle  
And yraide hem her power to kynge  
Upon this myschief and shape te nedye  
And right anone I herde other ayre  
With sobbyng teves and pietous sowar  
To fore the goddesse by lamentacion  
That were constrainyd in their yongest  
And in chidhode as is ofte coulde  
Y entridy were in to Religion  
Or they had yeris of discrescon  
That al her lif can not but compleyne  
In Moyde Copes perfection so to fynne  
Ful couertly for to coueren thair smert  
And yshele the contrary of thair hert  
Thus saud I wepe many a farr mayde

That on theire frendis al the woyle they layde  
Andi other wext I saw ther in gretre ruge  
That thei were maried in thei tendre age  
With oure freedom of fre election  
Where leue hath felde compnacion  
For loue at large andi at liberete  
Wolde frely these andi not with suche trete  
Andi other saw I ful ofte wepe andi weynge  
That thei in men fonde suche warpyng  
To leue a season whyle that beaulte flourith  
Andi after by disdayn so vngoodly hounith  
On her that whylem be callyd his lady dere  
That was to hym so playsonant andi entier  
But lust with faernes is so ouer goon  
That in her herte trouthe abideth noon  
Andi some also I sawde in teres reyne  
Andi pietously on godi andi kynde pleyne  
That ouer thei wold on ony creature  
So moche beaulte passing be mesure  
Sette on a weman to yere occasion  
A man to loue to his confusion  
Andi nameleyn ther, wher he shal haue no grace  
For with a loke forth by as he doth pace

Ful ofte falleth thurgh castyngh of an eye  
A man is wounded that he must nedys weye  
That never paunter after he shal her see  
Whyp wil godz don so grete a cruelte  
To ony man or to his creature  
To make hym so muche wo endure  
For her percas, whom he shal in no wyse  
Recyse never, but so forth in Jupys  
Bedis his lif til that he be graue  
For he ne durst of hit no mercy crave  
And eke paunter though he durst g woldre  
He can not wite where he hit fyndy sholde  
I salbe ther eke, and therof had I wylde  
That som were fyndred by couetyse g stougthe  
And som also for ther hastynes  
And other eke for ther rechlesnes  
But al the last as I waled and behelde  
Beside pallas with her Cristal sheldyn  
Tofore the statut of venus set on bright  
The knelled a lady in my sight  
Tofore the goddesse, whiche as the sonne  
Passeth the sterres, and eke the starmys donne  
And lucifer to wylde the myghtes sorowde

In clerenes passeth erly the morolde  
And so as maye bathe the counteynour  
Of every moneth the faynes and beaute  
And as the Rose in faynes and odour  
Surmounted flouris and fame of al biour  
Hath the prysse, and as the rubye bright  
Of al stones in beaute and in sight  
As it is knowne hath the Regalpe  
Right so this ladye with her goodly eye  
And with the streynys of hir loke so bright  
Surmounteth al thourgh beaute in my sight  
That for to tel her grete semelnes  
Her womaned her porre and her fairnes  
Hit was a meruable how euer that nature  
Colde in her werkis make a creature  
So angelyk so goodly on to see  
So semynyn or passing of beaute  
Whos somyssh beer brighter than golde  
Lyche phebus beame shynnyng in his spyre  
The goodlye esse of her fresh face  
So replenyshed of beaute and of grace  
So wel emmeded by nature and depeynt  
As Rose and lylies to gyder were meynyt

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So egally by goodly proportion  
That as me caught by myn inspeccyon  
I gan meruayle how godly or werkis of kynde  
Mighten of beaute such a tresour fynde  
To paue hit so passingly excellencye  
For in goodly faith thurgh her hys presence  
The temple was enlumyned by rayson  
And for to speke of her condicions  
She was the beste that myght be on lyne  
For ther was none þ with her myght scryue  
To speke of bounte or of gentilesse  
Of womanhede or of loþlynnesse  
Of curtoysie or of goodlyfede  
Of speche of chere or of semelisshede  
Of poort benigny or of daulancie  
The best caught and thereto of playfance  
She was the belle este of honeste  
An exemplair and mirour este was she  
Of secretnes of trouth of feithfulnes  
And to alle other lady and maistres  
To recive her who so list to here  
And so this lady right humble of chere  
Kneeling I fasse clad in grene and whyte

So forte venus goddesse of al desyce  
Embrosbedyn al with stonnes andy perre  
So richely that Ioye it was to see  
With sondry rollis on her garnement  
For to possone the trouth of her entent  
To shewe full y that for her humblesse  
Andy for her vertu andy her stableness  
That she was wote of al womany playfance  
Therefore her boordyn withoute varianc  
Embrosbedyn was as men myghte see  
De myculp en myculp with stonnes of perre  
This is to sayne that she was so bryngne  
From better to better her hert doth resigne  
Andy al her wyse to venus the goddesse  
Whan that her list her darmes to redresse  
For as me thought somwhat by her chev  
For to compleyne she had y grete desyre  
For in her handyn she heldyn a lityl balle  
For to declare the sume of al her boordyn  
Andy to the goddesse her quarell for to shewe  
The effect of whiche was in boordyn felde

The coppe of the supplication.

O lady venus moder of clypte  
That in this worldy hast the gouernance  
And heres hys that hast hym be by thyde  
Enclynest mekely to thy obeyssance  
Causer of Iope Peles of penaunce  
And with thy stremes canst euery thing discern  
Through heuens fyre of loue that is etern

O blessed sterre perfaunt and ful of light  
Of beames gladsom, deuoyder of deßines  
Chief recomfort after the blak nyght  
To boyde woful heres out of thyt heuynce  
Take now good heide lady and goddesse  
So that my bille may your gracie attayne  
Redresse to synde of that I me compleyne

For I am bounde to thimg that I nolde  
Frely to chese ther lack I liberte  
And so I want of that myn heret woldre  
The body is knyt, though my thought be ffe  
So that I muste of necessite  
My heres lyft outwardy contaryre  
Though the be oon the dede muste barre

My worship sauf I sayle election  
Agayn al right both of godz andy synde.  
Therto be knyt vnder subiection  
For whens for both ar out of mynde  
My thought goth furth my body is behynde  
For I am here, andy yondy my remembrance  
Betwene two so hange I in balance

Dauid of Joye, of woo I haue plente  
What I desire, that may I not possede  
For that I nolde is redy ay to me  
Andy that I loue, for to sue I dredde  
To my desire contrary is my mede  
Andy thus I stonde departedy in twayne  
Of myself andy dede placedy in a chayne.

For though I brenne with feruence & fete  
Withyn myn herbe I mote compleyne of colde  
Andy by excessse though I s welte andy fweete  
Me to compleyne godz wote I am nolde  
Unto no wight, ner one wordyn sonfode  
Of al my payne, allas the hardy stounde  
The hotter that I brenne, the colder is my shounde.

For he that hath myn hert feyffull  
And hool my loue in al honeste  
Withoute chaynge al be hit secretly  
I haue no space with hym for to be  
O lady venus consider now and see  
Unto the ffrite and compleynt of my byll  
Sith lysf and deth I put all in thy byll

And tho me thought the goddes did myn  
Mekely her hede and softly gan weesse  
That in short tyme her torment sholdy come  
And hool of hym for whom al her distresse  
Contynnedy hady and al her feynesse  
She sholdy haue Ioye and of her purgatorie  
Be holpen sone and so lyue forth in glorie

Andis saidy daughter for thy sadis trouthe  
Thy fafthful mentryng and Innocencie  
That plantedy be with outer ony scouth  
In your prisone deuayedy of al offence  
So han they attaynedy to our audience  
That with our grace ye shal be wel reliryng  
I you beseie of al that hath you geyndy

And for that ye be euer of one entent  
Without chaunge or mutabilite  
And in your paynes ben so pacient  
To take lassly your aduersite  
And that so longe thurgh the cruelte  
Of olde saturne my fader unfortuned  
Your Woo shal now no lenger be contuned

And thinketh this with in a litil whyle  
Hit shal a swage and ouer passen sone  
For men by lassis passen many a myle  
And ofte after a droppynge mone  
The weder cleveth and whan y storme is done  
The sonne shyneth in his spyer bright  
And Joye waketh whan Woo is putto flight

Remembre este holl never yet no wight  
Me com to worship with out som debite  
And folke reiouse also more of ligh  
That they with derknes were waptyn made  
No mans chancie is alleswy forturnate  
Me no wight preyseth of sugre the sweetnes  
But they to fore haue tastedy biternes

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Gryffyld was asayd atte full  
That torned after to incese of Joye  
Penelope gan ek for sorwes dulle  
For that her lord abode so long at Troye  
Also the torment ther coude noman acore  
Of wrygente flour of al Bretaigne  
Thus ene Joye is syn ande of payne

And trusteth this for conclusion  
The ende of sorw is Joye boyde of dede  
For hooly scrantes thurgh her passion  
Haue leuyn Iomme by their souerain mede  
And plente gladly folowbeth after ned  
And so my daughter after your gteuaunce  
I you before ye shal haue ful plesaunce

For euer of loue the maner ande the gese  
Is for to hurte his seruaunt & to wounde  
And when he hath taught them his empes  
He can in Joye make them to babounde  
And fith that ye haue in my saas be bounde  
With oure gruching or rebellpon  
Ye muste of right haue consolacion

This to saynt dobbeth never a deel  
That ye shal haue ful possession  
Of hym that ye now cherisse so weel  
In honest maner withoute offendacion  
By cause I knowbe yowre entencion  
Is truly sette in party and in aise  
To loue hym best and most in specialle

For he that ye haue chosen you to serue  
Shal be to you such as ye desire  
Withoute chaynge fully til he sterue  
So with my bronde I haue sette hym a fyre  
And with my grace I shal hym so enspyre  
That he in herte shal be right at your wylle  
Wherso you liste to saue hym or to spylle

For unto you I shal his herte so lolle  
Withoute spotte of ony doblenesse  
That he ne shal escape from the holle  
Though that hym self by vnsedfastnesse  
I mere of cupide that shal hym so distresse  
Unto your honde with thawle of golde  
That he ne shal escapan though he woldre

12  
Andi sith ye list of pyte andi of grace  
In certe only his yonghthe to cherissh  
I shal by aspectes of my benigne face  
Makē hym to schewe every synne andi vice  
So that he shal haue no maner spice  
In his corage to leue thinges nevē  
He shal to yow so playn be foundy andi trewe

Andi whan this goodly fair fressh of hue  
Humble andi benigne of trouth crop g rote  
Concepuedi hadi hōw venus gan to reue  
On her prayet plainly to do hote  
To chaunge her bitter actones in to fote  
She ful on knees of high deuocion  
Andi in this wypse began her orison.

Higheſt of hys quene andi Empetice  
Goddesse of loue of goodi yet the best  
That thurgh your beaute withoute vice  
Whilom conquerd̄ thappel acce fest  
That Jubiter thurgh his hys request  
To alle the goddes aboue celeſtial  
Made in his palaid̄ most Imperyal

To you my lady upholder of my lyf  
Mekely I thanke so as I may suffise  
That ye list now with herte ententyf  
So graciously for me to deuyse  
That whyle I lyue with humble sacrefise  
Upon your auters your fest per by per  
I shal encence casten in to the fyre

For of your grace I am ful reconciled  
From euery trouble unto ioye ande ease  
That sorwes alle be from me eviled  
Sith ye my lady list now tapease  
My paynes olde ande full y my disease  
Unto gladnes so sodenly to borne  
Hauyng no cause from hens forth to morne

For sithen ye so mekely liste to daunce  
To my seruise hym that loueth me best  
Ande of your bounte so graciously to graunte  
That he ne shal warpe though hym leste  
Wherof myn herte is full y brought to rest  
For now ande euer o lady myn benignie  
That hert ande will I hooly to you designe

13  
Thankyngh you with al my ful herte  
That of your grace andy visitacion  
So humble liste hym to conuerte  
- Full y to beyn at my subiection  
With oute chaunge or transmutation  
Unto his laste nolle laude andy reuertence  
Be to your name andy excellencie

This al andy sum andy chief of my request  
Andy hool substance of my ful entente  
You thankyngh euer of your graunt & leste  
Both nolle andy euer that ye me grace sent  
To conquer hym that never shal repent  
Me for to serue andy humblye for to please  
As fyndal tresour of my hertes easse

Andy than anon hemis cast a down  
In to her lappe braunches whyte andy grene  
Of hawthorow that wenten enypon  
Aboute her freyd that ioye was to sene  
Andy had y her kepe hem honestly andy cleene  
Whiche sholdy not fade ne never were ofde  
Pf she her biddyngh kept as she hath toldy

Andi as these boves be both fair andi sweete  
Followe the effecte that they do speisye  
This is to seyne both in coldy andi heate  
Be ye of one hert andi of ony fantasye  
As ar these leues whiche may not dye  
By no dutesse of stormes that be here  
Nomore in wyrter than in somer grene

Right so by ensample of Welle or Woe  
For Ioye torment or for aduersite  
Wher so fortune fauourer or be foo  
For pouert riches or prosperite  
That ye your hert kepe in on degree  
To loue hym best for no thing that ye fyne  
Whom I haue bounde so lownder your cheyne

Andi with þ wordi the goddesse sholde her hede  
Andi was in pres and spack as tho nomore  
Andi therwith ake ful fempayn of dede  
Me thought this lady saken gan ful sore  
Andi saidi agayn lady that maist restore  
Hertes in Ioye from theire aduersite  
To do your wil de millyx en millyx ma gree

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Thus ever sleepyngh drempyng as I layt  
Withyn the temple me thought I saye  
Grete prees of folk with murmur wonderfull  
To croude and shoue the temple was so ful  
Euerich ful besy in his owne cause  
That I no may shortly in a clause  
Discriuen alle the tites and the guyse  
And eke I wante comyng to deuyse  
How somt were with bloody encence & milk  
And somt with flouris sote & softe as silk  
And somt with sparwbes & douues whyte  
That for to offren gan hem delyter  
Unto the goddesse with sighe and prayer  
Hem to relese of that they most desire  
That for the prees shortly to conclude  
I wente my wan for the multitude  
Me for to refressh out of the prees allone  
And by my self me thought as I gan gone  
With in the estrees and gan a whyle tarye  
I sawe a man that walked al solitarye  
That as me somedz for heuynes and dol  
Hym to templayne that he walked so sole  
With oute espyyng of ony other wight

And yf I shal discryuen hym a right  
Of that he had not ben in heynnes  
Me thought he was to speke of semelnes  
Of shap of fourme, and also of stature  
The most passing, that euer yet nature  
Made in her werkis, and lykete to be a man  
And ther with al as I reherce can  
Of face and cheire the most gracyous  
To be biloued, happy and easous  
But as it semed outward by his cheire  
That he complayned for lack of his desire  
For by hym self as he walked up and down  
I herde hym make a lamentacion  
And said alas, what thing may this be  
That now am bonde that whyle I was free  
And wente at large at myn election  
Now am I caught vnder subiencion  
For to become a veray homager  
To god of loue, wher er I am here  
Fest in myn herte, mought of loues pynne  
But now of newe, within hir firy cheyne  
I am embracco so that I may not stripe  
To serue and loue whyle I am on lyue

15

The godly freshe in the temple vnder  
I salve right now, that I had wonder  
Hous ever god, for to takene a ll  
Might make a thing so celestiale  
So angelike on erthe to appere  
For with the streames of her eyen cleare  
I am wounded even to the hert  
That fro the deth I may not astert  
And most I meruayle that so sodenly  
I was so yolde to be at hir mercy  
Withoute more, I muste her lust obeye  
Wheter that she liste me to syue or depe  
And take meselvyn my sodeyn auenture  
For sith my lff, my deth, and eke my cure  
Is in her hand, it wil not auayle  
To gruelle agayn, for of this batayle  
The palme is hers, and plainly the victore  
If I rebellid honour none ne glorie  
I might not in ony wyse achyue  
Sith I am yolden, hous shold, I themme preue  
To renne a wry, I wote hit wil not be  
Though I be loos, at large I may not fle  
O god of loue hous sharp is now thyng a wry

Holm mapst thou now so cruelly and so marowly  
Withoute cause hurte me and wounde  
And takst none heide my sorwes to founde  
But siche a bide that fleeth at her desir  
Typ sodeynly within the pantere  
She is caught thaugh late she was at large  
A newe tempest forcasteth now my large  
Now up now down, with wyndy it is so blodde  
So am I possed and almost ouerthrewe  
For dreyue in derknes of many sondry wasse  
Alas whan shal this tempest ouerdraille  
To cleve the skyes of myn aduersite  
The lode sterre whan that I ne may see  
Hit is so hid with cloddes that be blake  
Alas whan shal this torment ouerstake  
I can not wyte, for who is hurt of newe  
And bledeth inwardly til he wey pale of hue  
And hath his woundyn swarly fressh & grene  
And hit is not couthe unto the harmes here  
Of myghty cuppyde that can so herbes daunte  
That no man may in his warre hym brunte  
To gete a priue but only by mekenes  
For ther me hapleth stryf ne sturdynes

15

So may I sayne that with a loke am yold  
And I haue no power to streue thaugh I wold  
Thus stonde I euer betwix bis and I deth  
To loue and serue Whyle I haue breath  
In such a place whare I dar not pleyne  
liche hym that is in torment and in peyne  
And I knowdeth not to whom to discute  
For ther that I haue holly set my care  
I dar not tel for dredre ne for daunger  
And for unknoolden tellen how the fyre  
Of loues bronde is kyndid in my breste  
Thus am I murdred and slayn acce leste  
So priuely withyn my thought  
O lady venus whom I haue sought  
So wylle me now what me is best to doo  
That am distraught with my self so  
That I ne wote what way for to come  
Sauf by my self soleyn for to morn  
Hanging in balance betwix hope and dredre  
With oute comfort remedye or rede  
For hope bideth pursye and assayle  
And agaynward dredre answeorth naye  
And now with hope I am set a lofte

But drede and daunger hardy & nothynge so fer  
Faith ouerthowle my trust and put a down  
Now at my large now setred in prisoun  
Now in torment now in souerayn glorie  
Now in paradyse and now in purgatorie  
As man dispayred in a double were  
Born vp with hope and the anoy daunger  
Me drabbeth a back and saith it shal not be  
For wher as I of myne aduerse  
Am bolde somwhat mercy to require  
The me cometh dispair & gymmeth me to lere  
A nedde lesson to hope ful the contrary  
They be so diuerse they wil do me warpe  
And thus I stand dismayed in a trauunce  
For whan that hope were likly me trauunce  
For drede I tremble & dar one wordy not speke  
And yf hit so be that I not out breke  
To tell the harmes that gauen me so sore  
But in my self entret them more and more  
And to be slayn fullp me delypte  
Whan of my deeth hit is nothynge to wryte  
For but yf hit my constreynt plainly knewe  
Hous sholou hit er, on my peynes rus

Thus ofte hymme with hope I am meynd  
To tel her alle, how I am grynd  
And to be hardy on me for to take  
To ape mercy, but dreed doth me thine awake  
And than wanhop answereth me agayn  
That better were than she haue disdayn  
To dye attones ynknothe of ony wight  
And ther with alle biddeth hope anon right  
Me to be bold and prayen her of grace  
And sith alle vertues be portreynd in her face  
Hit were not fittynge that pyte were behynde  
And right anon withyn my self I fynde  
A newe pleye brought on me with dreed  
That me so maseth that I see no sped  
Be cause he saith that stonpeth al my blood  
I am so symple and he is so good  
Thus hope & dreed in me wyl not see  
To plete and stryue my harmys to entree  
But at hardest yet or I be dede  
Of my distresse sith I can no rede  
But stande dom styl as ony stone  
To fore the goddesse I wil me haste and  
And complyne with oure more sermon

Though deth be syn and ful conclusion  
Of my request, yet I wyl assay  
And right anon me thought I saye  
This woful man as I haue memorie  
Ful lowly entred into an oratorye  
And knelid a down in ful humble wypse  
To fore the goddesse and gan anon deyse  
His pitous quarel with a doleful cheve  
Sayng right this as ye shal here

. The compleynt of the man.

Redresse of sorrow O Citherea  
That with the streynys of thy playfaunt be  
Gladest the mounte of al Cithrea  
Wher thou hast chosen thy paleys and sette  
Whos bright beames ben wassen and wete  
In the ryuer of Elyon the welle  
Haue now ppte of that I shal you tellle

18

And<sup>r</sup> not desdayne pr<sup>r</sup> of your bengynge  
My mortall woo O lady myn goddesse  
Of grace and<sup>r</sup> bounte & mercysful p<sup>r</sup>be  
Bengynely to helpe and<sup>r</sup> to redresse  
And<sup>r</sup> though so be I can not wel expresse  
The greuous harmes that I fele in my herte  
Haue never yet the lesse mercy of my smerte

This is to sayne O cler feuenes light  
That next the sonne scrched<sup>r</sup> han your spere  
Sith<sup>r</sup> ye me hurte with your dredful myght  
By influence of your beames clere  
And<sup>r</sup> that I by your scrupse now so dere  
As ye me brought in to this mala<sup>r</sup>pe  
Be ye gracuous and<sup>r</sup> shape ye remedye

For in you hoolly lieth helpe of al this aias  
And<sup>r</sup> knowe best my sorow and<sup>r</sup> al my peyne  
For drede of deth, how<sup>r</sup> I ne dar all as  
To axen mercys ones, ne me compleyne  
Nob<sup>r</sup> with your fyre her hert so constraine  
With oure more, or I depe atte lesse  
That he may witt<sup>r</sup> what is my request

John Mynne

C. 11.

How I no thyng in al this worldz desire  
But for to serue fully to myn ende  
That goodly freshe so womanly of chevre  
Without chaunge whyle I haue lyf & mynde  
Andz that ye woldz suche grace sende  
Of my scrupse that she not disdeyne  
Sithen her to serue I may not me restreyne

Andz sith that hope me hath yeue hardynes  
To loue her best andz never to repente  
Whylis that I lyue with al my besynes  
To dred & serue, though daunger never assente  
Andz here vpon ye knolle myn entente  
How I haue holbedz fully in myn mynde  
To beyn her man, though I no mercy fynde

For in my hert empynedz is so sore  
Her shap her forme & al her semelynes  
Her port her chevre, her godenes more & more  
Her womankedz andz elze her gentiles  
Her trouth, her faith andz her leyndnes  
With alle vertues eche set in her degree  
There is no lack, saupng only of pyte

Her sadȝ demonyngȝ of wyl not variablie  
Of luke benignie, andȝ wile of al plesance  
Andȝ exemplayre to alle that wyl be stalle  
Discrete prudent of wisdom suffisance  
Mirour of witte groundȝ of gouernance  
A wortȝ of beaute compassedȝ in hiȝ face  
Whos persant luke doth thurgh my hert raze

Andȝ ouer this wonder secrete andȝ true  
A wel of fredome andȝ right bounteous  
Andȝ euer encryngȝ in vertu nelliȝ nelliȝ  
Of speche goodly, andȝ wonder gracyous  
Devoydȝ of pryde, to poure not despicyous  
Andȝ yf that I shortly shal not feyne  
Haue upon mercȝ I no thimgȝ compleyne

What wonder thi me, though I be with dede  
Inly supprisedȝ for to aven grace  
Of her that is quene of womanhede  
For wel I wote in so high a place  
Hit wil not be therfore I ouer pace  
Andȝ take lowly what wo I ordure  
Til she of pyte me take to her cure

But one auolde plainty here I make  
That whethir so be, she do mi lyue or deye  
I wil not gracie, but humbly hit take  
Andi thanke godz andi wilfull obeye  
For by my trouth my hert shal never venye  
For lyf ne deth mercy ne daunger  
Of wil andi thought to be at her desire

To ben as trewe as euer was antonius  
To cleopatre whyle hym lasteth breth  
Or unto thys be yong piramus  
That was faithful foundy, til them deyndy deth  
Right so shal I til antropos me slay  
For whyle or woo her faithful man be foundy  
Unto my last, like as my hert is boundy

To loue as wel as didh achilles  
Unto his laste the fair polixene  
Or as the grete famous hercules  
For dyanyre that felte the shott hene  
Right so shal I saye right as I mone  
Whyle that I lyue, her both dide andi serue  
For lack of mercy though sh do me sterue

20  
Now lady venus to whom nothing unknowe  
Is in the world hid, ne nought may be  
For ther nys thing neither hys ne losse  
May be conceyded from your prouete.

Fro whom my merayng is not now sease  
But write fully that my intent is true  
And liche my trouth now on my payne true

For more of grace than of presumpcion  
I ape mercy, and no thing of dute  
Of losly humbles, withoute offencion  
That ye enclyne of your benignyte  
Your audience vnto my humlyte  
To graunte me that to you I clepe & calle  
Sum day resses yet of my paynes alle

And liche ye haue the guerdon and the mea  
Of alle louers plensly in your honde  
Now of grace and pyte take ye heede  
Of my distrees, that am vnder your honde  
So losly bound, as ye wel vnderstonde  
In that place where I toke first my bounde  
Of pyte suffice ye my helth may be founde

That liche as she me hurte with a sight  
Right so with helth late me hur sustene  
And as the stremes of her eyen bright  
Whylom my hert with woundes sharp & knere  
Through perced haue and yet be fresh & grene  
So as she me hurte, lete her me socoure  
Or ellis certayn I may not long endure

For lack of speche I can say you no moxe  
I haue mater but I can not pleyne  
My witte is dull to tel al my soze  
A mouth I haue, And yet for al my peyn  
For want of wordes I may not now atteyn  
To tel half that doth my hert greue  
Mercy abydyngh, til she me list releue

But this the effect of my mater fynal  
With deth or mercy relees for to fynde  
For hert body thought lyf lust and al  
With al my reson and al my ful mynde  
And syue wittes of on assent I fynde  
To her scrupse withoute ony scrif  
And make her prynesse of my deth or lyf

21

And now I pray of wouth and the pyte  
O goodly planet O lady hemis bright  
That ye pour sone of his depte  
Cupide I mene that with his dredful myght  
And with his brond that is so clere of light  
Her herte so to fyre and to marke  
As ye me whylom bren with a sparke

That evenlich and with the same fyre  
She may be hit as I now brenne and merte  
So that her herte be flamed with desire  
That she may knowe by feruence hou I swerte  
For of pyte plainly yf she felte  
The self herte that doth myn hert embrace  
I hope of wouth she will do me grace

And ther with al hemis as me thought  
To bwardes this man ful benyngely  
Can cast her eye like as that she wought  
Of his disease and said ful goodly  
Sith it is so that thou so humbly  
Without gruchyng our bestes liste obeye  
To bward the help I wil anon pourueye

And eke my sone Cupyde that is so blynde  
He shal be hysyng full y to perfore me  
Your hool desire, that no thing be behynde  
Me shal be left, so we shal reforme  
This pietous cōpleynt, þe maketh the to morne  
That she for whom thou sorwest most in hert  
Shal thurgh hir mercy relece al thy smert

Whan she seeth tyme, thurgh our puruaunce  
Be not to hasty, but suffre al thinge wele  
For in abydynge, thurgh lowly obeyssance  
þyeth ful redres, of al that ye now sele  
And she shal be as trewe as ony stede  
To you allone, by our myght and grace  
Yf ye list mekely abyde a lityl space

But understande ye that al her chertisynge  
Shal be groundyd upon honeste  
That no knyght shal by ony compaçynge  
Demen amys of hir in no dege  
For neyther mercy, wouth ner pyte  
She shal not haue ne take of the non heide  
Furthest than longeth unto her wamanheide

22

Be not astonped of no willfulnes  
Ne not despoyled of this dissolution  
Late reson bridle lust by brygynnes  
Without gruchyng or rebell yon  
For ioye shal folowbe al this passion  
For who can suffre torment and endure  
Ne may not sayle, but folowbe shal his cure

For to forse alle sye shal the louen best  
So shal I her withoute offencion  
By influence enspire in her brest  
In honest wyse with ful entencion  
For tenckynge by clene affection  
Her hert fully on the to haue rounter  
Be cause I knowbe that thou menest trouthe

Go now to her where as she stant a syde  
With humble chere, and put the in her grace  
And al beforyn lete hope be thy guyde  
And though that drede woldy with the pax  
Hit fitteth wel, but loke that thou amite  
Out of thy hert wanhop and despere  
To her presence er thou haue reper

And mercy first shal thy way make  
And honest mereng aforde do thy message  
To make ppte in her herte a thake  
And secretnes to further thy viage  
With humble porre to her that is so sage  
Shal meres be, and I my self also  
Shal the fortune, or thy tale be do

Go forth anon, and be right goody of cheere  
For specheles nothing mayst thou spede  
Be goody of trust & be no thing in were  
With I my self shal helpen in this nede  
For atte leste of her goodly heede  
She shal to the her audience enclyne  
And loose the to her til thou thy tale syne

For wel thou wost yf I shal not seyne  
Without speche thou maist no mercy haue  
For who that wil of his prypue peyne  
Ful y be cured his lyf to helpe and saue  
He must melkely out of his hert graue  
Discure his woundy and shalbe hit his leche  
Or ellis depe for defaute of speche

23

Fox he that is in my schiefe rekles  
To seche help I holde hym a wreche  
Andi the ne may thyng hert bryng in pees  
But yf thy compleynt to hir hert strake  
Woldest thou be cured, & wilst no salue fach  
Hit wil not be, for no wight may atteyne  
To come to blys, yf he list lyue in peyne

Therefore acketnes go forth in humble wyse  
To fore thy lady andi lowly knele a down  
Andi in al trouth thy wordes so deuyse  
That she on the haue compassion  
For she that is of so hye renoun  
In al vertues as queene andi souerayn  
Of womanhede shal rie on thy payn

Andi whan the goddes this lesson hadi tolde  
Aboute me so I gan beholden  
Right so a stonedi stode in a traunce  
To se the maner andi contenance  
Andi al the cheve of this woful man  
That was of hie dedely pale andi wan  
With drede suppriseyd in his olone thought

Makyngh ther as though he wought noughe  
Of lyf ne deth ne what so hym betyde  
So moche fere he had on euery side  
To put hym forth to tel his peyne  
Unto his lady other to compleyne  
What wo he felte torment or diseas  
What dedly sorow his hert dide se  
For wouth of whiche his wo as I ordice  
My penne I fele quaken as I wryte  
Of hym I had so grete compassion  
For to reherce his weymentacion  
That unmethe though I with my self stryve  
I want comyngh his peynes to discryue  
Alas to whom shal I for helpe calle  
Not to the muses for cause they ben alle  
Help of right in Iope and not in Ioco  
And in matiers that they delite also  
Wherfore they nyl as nold direete my stye  
Nor me enspiren Alas the hardy whyle  
I can no further but to the siphon  
And to her fuster to calle helpe upon  
That be goddeses of torment and peyne  
Cloude lette your teris in to myn Inke deyns

24

With woful wordes my paper for to borte  
This woful mater not to peynnt, but spotte  
To tel the maner of this dredeful man  
Upon his complaynt whan he first began  
To tel his lady whan he gan declare  
His hidyn sorowbis, andyn his euel fare  
That at his herte constreynedyn so sore  
The effect of whiche was this withoute more

Pryncesse of yongth & flour of gentilesse  
Ensamgle of vertu groundy of curteysye  
Of beaute wte quene andy eke maistres  
To alle women hold they shal hem gye  
Andy sothfast mirrour to exemplifye  
The right way of port andy of womanhede  
What I shal saye of mercy take ye hede  
Besechyng first vnto your hye nobles  
With quakyngh hert of my Inwardy dede  
Of grace andy pyte & not of right wysnes  
Of ferrey wuthe to help in this nede  
This is to say O wel of goodly hede  
That I ne wylle thaugh ye do me deye  
So ye list first to heren what I seye

The dredeful strokis the gret force andy myght  
Of godz cupide that noman may rebelle  
So misbarldy thurgh out myn hert right  
I preched hath that I ne may counteles  
Myh hidz boundz ne I ne may apeles  
Unto no gretter this myghty godz so faste  
You to scrue hath me boundz unto my laste

That hert andy aiss with out stryf ar yolde  
For lyf or deth to your seruise allone  
Right as the goddesse myghty venus wold  
To for her meekely whan I made my mone  
She me constrained withoute chaunge anone  
To your seruise andy never for to fayne  
Wher so ever ye list to do me ease or payne

So that I can no thimg but mercy crepe  
Of you my lady andy chaunge for no nesse  
That ye list godeley to fore er that I dye  
Of secretay reuthe upon my paynes rwe  
For by my trouthe andy ye my paynes knewe  
What is the cause of myne aduersite  
On myn dese ye wold haue ypte

For unto you trewe ande eke secre  
I wil be founde to serue as I best can  
Ande therwith al as lowly in eche degré  
To you be allone as euer yet was man  
Unto his lady from the tyme I began  
Ande shal so forth withouten ony scuth  
Whylis that I lyue, by godz & by my trouthe

For leuer I had to deven sodenly  
Than you offend in any maner wyse  
Ande suffre paynes inwardy priuely  
Than my seruise as now ye sholdy dispysse  
For I right neught wil ape in no wyse  
But for your seruaint ye sholdy me accepte  
Ande whan I trespass, goodly me correcce

Ande for to graunge of mercy the prayer  
Only of gracie ande womanly pyte  
From day to day that I myght lete  
You for to plesse, ande therwith al that ye  
Whan I do myselfe list for to teche me  
In your seruise hou that I may amende  
From henceforth ande never you offend

For unto me it doth ynochly suffyse  
That for your man ye woldy me resseyse  
Fully to beyn as you lyst deuyse  
Andy as ferforth as my wittes can conceyue  
Andy therwith al liche as ye preue  
That I be true to guerdone me of gracie  
Or ellis to punysshe after my trespass

Andy yf so be that I may not accepne  
Unto your mercy yet graunte at the leste  
In your scrupse for al my wo andy peyne  
That I may deyen after my beheste  
This is al andy som the syn of my request  
Ouffer with mercy your seruant to sauue  
Or mercyles that I may be begrauue

Andy whan this benyngne of her entent true  
Conceyuedy hath the compleynt of this man  
Right as the fresh wody Rose nelbe  
Of her colour to wopen she began  
Her bloody astonedy so from her herbe ran  
In to her face of ferray semynyte  
Thurgh honest dzede abusyde was she

25

And humbly she began her eyen caste  
Towardes hym of hit benygnyte  
So that no wordy by her lippes past  
For hast nor dzedre mercy ne pyte  
For so demenedy she was in honeste  
That vndayysed no thingy fro her stert  
So moche of reson was compassed in her hert

Til atte last of whiche she did abreydon  
Whan she is trouthe and menyngh did felde  
And vnto hym ful goodly spack and seyd  
Of your behest and your menyngh wele  
And your scruyse so faithful evertydelle  
Whiche vnto me so lowly nobly ye offre  
With al my herte, I thank you of your profre

That for so moche your entent is sette  
Only in hertu y bridledy vnder dzedre  
Ye must of right nedis face the bet  
Of your request, and the better spe de  
But as for me I may of womanhede  
No further graunte to you in myn entente  
Than as my lady Venus wil assente

For she wel knowbeth I am not at my large  
To doon right nought but by her ordynance  
So am I drovendy vnder her dredful charge  
Her lyste to blype withoute variance  
But for my parte so hit be pleasure  
Unto the goddesse for trouth in your empysse  
I you accepte fully to my seruycē

For she my herte hath in subiection  
Whiche hoolly is youtes & neuer shal repente  
In thought ner dede in myn election  
Witnes on hemis that knowbeth myn entent  
Fully to blype hit done andy Jugement  
So as hit liste disposer andy ordynne  
Right as she knowbeth the trouth of vs tbleynē

For unto the tyme that hemis list prouyde  
To shape abyg for our hertis ease  
Both ye andy I meselby must abyde  
To take at gree andy not of our disease  
To gracie agayn til that she list tappaise  
Our hidy lido so July that constreyneth  
From day to day andy our hertis peyneth

27

For in abidyngh of woo andy al affraye  
Who so can suffre is founden remedye  
Andy for the beste ful ofte is made delaye  
Et men be hledy of their maladye  
Wherfore as venus list this mater to gye  
Leet vs agreeyn andy take al for the best  
Til her liste sette bothe our hertes in rest

For shē is that byndeth andy can constreyn  
Hertes in one this fortunate planete  
Andy can relece louers of her pepyn  
To turne fully her bitter in to swete  
Now blisful goddes down fro thy stery sete  
Vs to fortune cast your stremes shene  
Lyke as ye knowe that we trouth more

Andy ther with al as I myn eyen caste  
For to perceyue the maner of these tweyne  
To fore the goddesse mekely as they paste  
Me thought I saw with a goldyn cheyne  
Venus anen embrace andy constreyn  
Her bothe hertes in one for to perseuere  
Whilis that they lyue andy never to disseuer

Seyng right thus with a knyngne ther  
Sith it is so ye be vnder my myght  
My wil is thus that ye my daughter deue  
Ful accepte this man as it is right  
Unto your gracie anon herre in my sight  
That ever hath ben so lonly you to serue  
Hit is good ykil your thank that he deserue

Your honour sauf andy eke your womanhede  
Hym to cherrisse hit setteth you right wese  
Sith he is bounde vnder hope andy drede  
Almyd y my cheyne that forgedyn is of stelle  
Ye must of mercy shape that he sele  
In polle som gracie of his longh scrupse  
Andy that in hast lik as I shal deuyse

This is to sayn that ye taken hede  
Hou he to you most faulys is andy true  
Of al your seruauntes, & nothyngh for his mede  
Of you ne asketh, but ye on hym rive  
For he vobbedyn hath to change for no newe  
For lyp ne deth, for iope ne for peyne  
Al to be yowris, so as ye list ordyne

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Wherfore ye muste or els it were wrong  
Unto your grace full y hym receyue  
In my presence, by cause he hath so long  
Hooly ben youris, as ye may conceyue  
That from your mercy yf ye hym bepue  
I wyl my self recorden cruelte  
In your persone, andy greet lack of pyte

Late hym for his trouth fynde than agayn  
For long seruise, guerdon hym with grace  
Andy late ye pyte weye doon his payn  
For tyme is now daunger to arace  
Out of your hert, andy mercy in to pice  
Andy loue for loue Worlde wel beseme  
To yeue agayn andy this I plainly deme

Andy as for hym I wil ben his botele  
Of lossshede andy besy attendance  
Holl he shal be bothe eue andy morolle  
Ful diligent to doon his obseruance  
Andy euer aldaytyng, you to do playnsance  
Wherfore my sone, listen andy take heide  
Full y to beye, as I shal the rede

Andi first of all my will is that thou be  
Faithful in hert andi constant as a wal  
True humble, meke andi therwith al secre  
With out change in partie or in aile  
Andi for no torment that the fallen shal  
Tempest the not, but euer in stedfastnes  
Rote thy herte, andi boyde doublenes

Andi furthermore haue in reverence  
These women al for thy lady sake  
Andi suffre never that men hem do offence  
For loue of one, but euermore undertake  
Hem to defende whether thy slept or wake  
Andi ay be redy to holden them party  
Apensit aile tho that to hem haue enuye

Be curtais ay andi lowly of thy speche  
To riche andi poure ay fressh & wel beseyn  
Andi euer besy wepes for to seche  
Alle true louers to relecte of her pepyn  
Sith thou art one, & of no wight haue disdeyn  
For loue hath power hertes for to daunte  
Andi never for cherising, thy to muche auainte

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Be lusty eke boord of alle tristesse  
And take no thought but euer be iocound  
And not to pensif for none heupnes  
And with thy gladnes lete sadnes ay be found  
Whan woo approched, lete mirth most habound  
As manhood ayid, and though y fele smert  
late not to many knownen of thyng hert

And alle vertues besily thou fue  
Vices eschewe for the loue of one  
And for no tales thyng hert not remewe  
Wordy is but wyndy that shal soon ouergoon  
What euer thou herte be domb as ony stoon  
And to answere to sone, not the delyte  
For here sh he standeth that al this shal y quyte

And wherther thou be absent or in presence  
None others beawte like in thy hert myne  
With I haue yeue hit of beaute excellencie  
Aboue al other in vertu for to shyne  
And thyngke hou in fyre men ar wont to fyne  
This purred goldy to put hit in assape  
So to the proue, thou art put in deape

But tyme shal come thou shal for thy suffrance  
Be wel a paide and take for thy mede  
Thy lyues ioye and al thy suffisance  
So that goody kepe alway thy bridell led  
Lete no dispair hyndre the with drede  
But ay thy trust upon her mercy grounde  
Sith none but she may thy sorowe sounde

Eche hour and tyme. Welke, day and yere  
Be liche faulch and wary not for lyte  
Abide a whyle and thyn of thy desire  
The tyme neygheth that shal the most desyde  
And late no sorow in thy hert byte  
For no differing, sith thou for thy mede  
Shal riouse in pees the flour of womanhede

Thinke thou she is this worldis somme & licht  
The sterre of beaute the flour eke of fairnes  
Both clow and rote and eke the rubye bright  
Hertes to glade, y troubled with derknes  
And thou I haue made her, thinke hertes Empresse  
Be glad therfore to be vnder her bondy  
Now come ner daughter & take him by the bondy

Unto this syn that aftir alle these shouris  
 Of his torment he may be glady and light  
 Whan by your grace ye take hym to be youris  
 For evermore anon here in my sight  
 And eke I wil also as hit is right  
 Without more his langour for to lyffe  
 In my presence anon that ye hym lyffe

That ther may be of al your oldy smertis  
 A ful relees vnder ioye assurred  
 And that one llok be of your botte hertis  
 Shet with my kepe of goldy so wel puted  
 Only in signe that ye haue recured  
 Your hool desire here in this hooly place  
 Within my temple now in the yere of grace

Eternally be bounde of assuraunce  
 The knyt is knyt, that may not be vnbounde  
 That alle the goddes of this aliaunce  
 Satorne, Joue, and Mars as it is bounde  
 And eke Cupyde that first did you wounde  
 Shal here recordy, and ouermore bespreke  
 On whiche of yow, his trouth first breke

So that by aspectes of their faire looks  
Withoute mercy shal fal the vngiance  
For to be raged clene out of my looks  
On whiche of you be found of variance  
Therefore attones setteth your plesance  
Fullly to ben shysle ye haue lyf and mynde  
Of one accord unto your lyues ende

That yf the spiryte of nefsangenes  
In ony wypse your hertes wold assayle  
To meue or styrre to bryngge in doublenes  
Upon your trouth to gyuen a bataylle  
Lete not your corage ne your force sayle  
Nor none assauiles you flitten or remeue  
For knassayed no man may trouth preue

For whytte is whitter yf it be set by blacke  
Andys swete is swetter after bitternes  
Andys fasshed ever is dryue andy put a backe  
Whene trouth is roded with out doblenes  
Without preue ther may be no sekernes  
Of loue or hate andy therfore of you two  
Shal loue be more for hit was bought with woo

And every thing is had more in deynce  
 And more of pris whan it is deere bought  
 And eke loue stondeth more in sevre  
 Whan it is to fore with payne woo & thought  
 Conqueror was first whan hit was sought  
 And every conquest bath his excellencie  
 In his pourfute as it syndeth resistance

And so to you more soce and agreeable  
 Shal loue be founde I do you plainly assyure  
 Without grachyngh that ye were suffrable  
 So losse so meke paciently to endure  
 That al actones I shal do now my cure  
 For now and euer your hertis so to bynde  
 That nought but deth shal the knote unbynde

Now in this mater what shold I lenger dwelle  
 Come ye actones and do as I haue said  
 And first my doughter that ar of bounte welle  
 In hert and thought be glady & wel a pupyd  
 To done hym grace that shal & hath obeyd  
 Your lustes euer and I wil for his sake  
 Of trouth to you be bounde and undertake

And so forth within presence as they stand  
To fore the goddes this faire and wele  
Her humble seruant toke goodly by the hond  
As he to fore her meekely did knele  
And kyssed hym after ful fillyngh eueridele  
From pount to pount in ful thryfthy wye  
As ye to foryn haue venus herdy deuyse

Thus is this man to ioye and al plesance  
From heynnes and from his peynnes olde  
Ful recencypled, and hath ful suffisance  
Of her that euer mort wel, and wold  
That in goodly faith and I tel shold  
The mwardy mirthes did her hertis brage  
For al my lyf to telle, it were to lityl space

For he hath wonne hit that he loueth best  
And she to grace hath take hym of pyte  
And thus her hertes ben both set in rest  
Without chaunge or mutabilite  
And venus hath of her benygnyte  
Confermed al what shal I lenger tary  
These twayne in one and never to wary

That for the ioye in the temple aboue  
 Of this acorde by grete solempnyte  
 Was laude and honour within & withoute  
 Neare to hemis, and to the deynt  
 Of godly cupide, so that Caliope  
 And al her sustren in her armonye  
 Soon with songes the goddes did magnifye

And al attones with notes lound & sharp  
 They did her honour and her reuerence  
 And Orpheus among them with his harp  
 Gan strynges touche with his diligence  
 And Amphion that hath suche excellencye  
 Of mythe ay dyde his besynes  
 To plese and queme hemis the goddesse

Only for cause of the affynyte  
 Betwix these two not lusty to disseuer  
 And euery lour of lowe and hys degré  
 Gan hemis pray fro thens forth and euere  
 That hool of them the loue may pseuer  
 Withouten ende in suche wyse as they gomme  
 And more entrecce that hit of hardy was wome

And the goddes heryngh this request  
As the that knewe the clene entencion  
Of both them therwe made a bise  
Perpetually by confirmation  
Whylis they lyue of one affection  
They shal endure ther is no more to sayne  
That neyther shal haue mater to complayne

So ferfurth auermore in our eternal see  
The goddes haue in our presence  
Fully deuyshed thurgh their deynt  
And hooly concluded by hir Influence  
That by thair myght and Juste prudence  
The loue of hem by grace and eke fortune  
Withoute chaunge shal auermore contynue

Of whiche graunt the temple enuiron  
Thurgh hys comfort of them that were present  
anon was begun with a melodious song  
In name of tho that trouth in loue merke  
A ballade newe in ful goody entent  
To soote the goddes with notis londe and cleve  
Syngengh right this anon as ye shal here

x Fayrest of sterres that with your psant light  
 And with the cherysyngh of your stremes clere  
 Causen in loue hertes to be light  
 Only by synyng of your glady spere  
 Now lalde and pryce O venis lady dene  
 Be to your name that haue without synne  
 This man fortuneon his lady for to wyne

Willy planete O esperis so bright  
 That woful hertes can appese and stede  
 And euer ar redy by your grace & myght  
 To helpe al tho that by loue so dene  
 And haue pouerke wtis to sette on fyre  
 Honour to you of al that ben here I me  
 That haue this man his lady made to wyne

x O mighty goddesse day sterre after myght  
 Gladyngh the morowe whan ye don appere  
 To woyde derknes by fresshnes of your sight  
 Only with thomlyng of your plesaunt cheere  
 To you we thankie louers that ben here  
 That ye this man and never for to wyne  
 Fortune haue his lady for to wyne

And with the noyse an fruensly melodye  
With that they made in her armoye  
Thurgh out the temple for this mans sake  
Out of my slepe anon I dyde awake  
And for astonyed knelde as tho no rede  
For sodeyn chaunge oppressed with drede  
Me thought I was cast in a traunce  
So clene a way was tho my remembrance  
Of alle my dreame, wherof greet thought g. Mo  
I had in herte and nyxt what was to doo  
For heynnes for that I had lost the sight  
Of her that I al the longe myght  
Had remedie of in myn aduision  
Wherof I made grete lamentacion  
Be cause I had never in my lyf beforyn  
Hab none so fair fith that I was bornyn  
For loue of whom so as I can endyte  
I purpose here to make and to wryte  
A lityl tretyse and processe make  
In priue of women only for her sake  
Hem to comende as it is lityl and raight  
For her godenes with al my myght  
Draping to her that is so bounteuous

So ful of vertu and so gracieus  
Of wamanke and merciful pycne  
This symple tretysse for to take in gree  
Til I haue leypzer vnto her hys renoun  
For to expoundy my forsayd visiou  
And tel in playn the signesfaunce  
As it cometh to my remembraunce  
So that her after my lady may hit loke  
Now go thy way thou litil ride booke  
To her presence as I the comande  
And first of alle thou me recomande  
Unto hit and to her excellencie  
And pray to hit hit be non offence  
If ony wordy in the be my said  
Besechyng her she be not any a paide  
For as her list I wil the este correcte  
Whan that her liketh agenwardy the directe  
I mene that benygne and goodly of face  
Now go thy way and put the in her grace

Explicit the temple of glas.